To the WORSHIPFUL

J. M. HOPKINS, Esq. MAYOR,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants

of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,

By their most obedient humble Servant,

SAMUEL WRIGHT.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of ALL-SAINTS, from the 21st of *December*, 1796, to the 21st of *December*, 1797; including Persons (in Number 10) buried at the Meeting in *College-Lane*; at the Chapel in *King's Head Lane*, 3; at the Methodists' Chapel, *Ditto*, 0; and at the Quakers' Burying Ground, 1.

DISEASES in the Parish of *All-Saints*.

Aged	7	Consumptions	20	Fevers	2	Measles	9
Cancer	1	Convulsion	4	Fits	11	Mortification	3
Child-Bed	1	Dropsy	3	Inflammation	1	Palsy	1
Chincough	2	Drowned	1	Jaundice	1	Small-Pox	9
						Suddenly	1

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	35	Ten and Twenty	2	Forty and Fifty	4	Seventy and Eighty	5
Between Two and Five	6	Twenty and Thirty	2	Fifty and Sixty	3	Eighty and Ninety	2
Five and Ten	3	Thirty and Forty	9	Sixty and Seventy	6		

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS.	45	57	102	33	44	77
St. SEPULCHRE'*s*.	14	19	33	23	19	42
St. GILES'*s*.	20	14	34	26	28	54
St. PETER'*s*.	5	3	8	5	7	12
In the whole Town.	84	93	177	87	98	185
The Meeting in ST. PETER'S Parish, 13.	Increased		16	Increased		18

TO those who dream in Pleasures perfum'd Bow'rs,
Where sensual Charms intoxicate the Mind,
And those who keep the Soul's cælestial Pow'rs
In adamantine Chains of Care confin'd;

To those I call, and bid them wisely stray
Far from the Snares by Fascination spread,
From futile Avocations turn away
To read the gloomy Records of the Dead;

To read of Infants just acquiring Breath,
Of Youth, exulting in unsully'd Bloom,
Pierc'd by the Arrows of insatiate Death,
And laid to perish in the silent Tomb;

To read of Manhood, as he bears elate
Valour and Vigour on his dauntless Brow,
While unsuspicious of the Storms of Fate,
Vanquish'd, and crouching to his mortal Foe;

Of blooming Virgins, as the Rose-bud fair,
Torn from their Lovers to the Spectre's Arms;
Unus'd to Mercy, never known to spare,
The Spoiler triumphs in their blasted Charms.

Ye thoughtless, read; and tremble as ye read,
For soon ye'll add to Death's unnumber'd Guests;
E'en while I write, his Darts unseen may speed
To sheath their Venom in your joyful Breasts.

Think, when in secret, and unknown to Fear,
On Sin's unhallow'd Couch you lay your Head,
The grisly King of Terrors may appear
And bid you seek with Skeletons your Bed.

And ye, absorb'd in low terrestrial Care,
Think, when ye're counting Treasures ill acquir'd,
An awful Voice this Summon dire may bear,
"Thou Fool, this Night thy Soul shall be desir'd."

But what avails? In spite of all that's said,
Man hugs Perdition with a fond Embrace;
Year after Year this sad Memento's read,
To lead his Footsteps in the Paths of Grace.

Day after Day we hear the passing Bell
Demand Attention from the careless Crowd,
Day after Day its solemn Accents tell
Our transient State importunately loud.

Both pass unheeded as an Autumn Breeze
That hurries by with melancholy Sound,
Seeming to mourn the Fate of fading Trees,
When their gay Foliage withers on the Ground.

How strange! how inconsistent is our Course!
While bless'd with all the God-like Pow'r to save,
With Poison we augment Death's nat'ral Force,
And offer Vict'ry to the ruthless Grave.

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